

Contributions

A REVIEW

DAVID BAILEY.

With some motive which is not altogether apparent, Elder D. L. Miller comes out with a two column editorial in the Gospel Messenger for Nov. 23 under the caption of "Important Questions." In this article there is much food for thought and I wish that all might read it, but in speaking of the Progressive movement he says: "Now they have fashionable dressing, secret societies of every shade and order, church festivals, and about everything the worldly-minded man or woman could desire. To them plain dressing is a myth, the prayer covering has gone 'where the woodbine twineth,' the holy kiss is obsolete, feetwashing is observed in a corner, the Lord's supper is rapidly assuming the Methodist idea, a morsel of bread and a cup of cold water, and they have lost the distinctive features of the church of Jesus Christ."

I have always respected Elder Miller. He has shown himself to be an honorable and a reasonable man so I am at a loss to account for this outbreak. He has "girdled the globe" and made many voyages to Europe and oriental lands and who so able as he to explain customs of oriental life and dress as referred to in the New Testament. It surely is not necessary for him to stultify himself, and his Progressive friends will not permit him to do so. But to the comments. For convenience I will notice the Lord's supper first. As Paul wrote to the Corinthians I must say to Elder Miller, in your way of observing the Lord's supper "I commend you not." I have always thought that there was too much feast and not enough love about it. For my views on the subject I would refer him to Elder Brumbaugh's editorial in the same paper. He says "The Lord's Supper is eaten by some as if they were almost perishing for food. Such had better eat at home." If all eat thoughtfully and sparingly, why should a great display of foods be made? In regard to some of the other points I would say that I am reminded of the story of the little girl who, for some reason did not wish to go to school on a certain day. She said "Oh! mamma, I have such a bad headache, and sore throat too." "Indeed," said her mother. "Well, I suppose you had better take a dose of oil, and go to bed at once." But this did not suit the child, so she hastened to say, "Oh! no, mamma, I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me."

It seems to me that our Brethren church is doing a good work, with all its wants, even if Elder Miller does say it is a failure. I wonder in what history he saw that written.

Plain dressing is nothing if it covers a proud heart. Gaudy apparel is not becoming to a child of God, but that we regard as a matter for the consideration of individuals rather than churches. As to the prayer cov-

ering, I challenge Elder Miller to justify the use of the cap for that purpose. Does not the apostle say it is a sign of subjection to her head (man?) I claim that the gospel has, indeed made a new creature of woman. "There is neither male nor female." If there is no subjection, why the sign?

I am satisfied that the picture is badly overdrawn. I am a charter member of the Brethren church. I was on the committee that prepared the memorial to the standing committee of the annual meeting at Arnold's Grove, and I have carefully watched the growth and development of the work there originated. I have observed a few things that I could not approve, but I regarded them as outbreaks coming from a reaction on account of the long borne strictures of the mother church. A feeling by a few that we may now do as we please; but this feeling I hoped had passed away or the parties had dropped out of the church. I have not visited among the church, however, and I cannot speak authoritatively on those points. The feetwashing "observed in a corner" is a low joke not original with Elder Miller, of which he should be ashamed. If the Brethren see fit to go to one place to wash the feet instead of carrying the tub from place to place I grant them the privilege, but I have no desire to ridicule feetwashing observed under the table.

NEW YORK NOTES

J. L. GILLIN

Last Sunday I was down to Sargeantsville, N. J. again, but owing to the storm there were no services. I was very kindly entertained by the Thatcher family. They expect Bro. Smith there for Sunday Dec. 1st., and the next Sunday, Dec. 8, they expect Bro. Bowman to begin a series of meetings. Pray for them there.

Thanksgiving in New York

We have had no school since last Wednesday on account of Thanksgiving Day. Wife and I went down to Fifth Ave. Presbyterian church to hear President Patton of Princeton University.

This church is reputed to be the wealthiest Presbyterian church in America if not in the world. They took a collection for the poor of their church and the plate was full of bills when it came past us. The people here were interesting studies to me. The greatest elegance was shown in their dress. The pews, like those in many churches here, have little doors to them. The people, many of them, come in their own carriages. It sounded strange to me to hear such a wealthy congregation say "Give us this day our daily bread." I wonder if they really meant it from the depths of their hearts. I wondered if they could pray that with as much real prayer as a congregation of people who didn't know where the next meal was to come from.

This was the church of which Robert Hall was pastor for fifty years, until his death a year or more ago. When he died they erect-

ed a memorial tablet for him in the church with this inscription, "In memory of Dr. Robert Hall who was pastor of this church from—to—. Born—; died—, followed by this startling quotation from scripture, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

Of course it was meant well, but not many preachers would like to be sent even to glory with such a quotation as that. The rich have their churches here and the poor their's. Not that there are no rich in the poor churches, and poor in the rich church—but men naturally seek to worship with those of their own station. But, oh, the stiffness and formality! No warmth, no Christian love streaming out of eyes and pulsing thru the handshake. Oh, Brethren, let me urge you everyone to be careful to show friendliness to strangers in your churches. Show it to each other, to be sure, but watch out for the stranger. See that your Christian love is shown them. A kind word, a smile, a warm handshake don't cost much and it means so much to the stranger. Don't wait to be introduced. Show your friendliness.

We ate dinner with Dr. Sage's family on Thanksgiving. They are Waterloo people who are spending the winter here in school.

The boys here have a curious custom of dressing up as rag muffins on Thanksgiving Day and asking alms from passersby on the streets. This is another custom peculiar to the east and which I hope may never become established in the West. Beggars are easily enough made without encouraging children to become such.

Our First Snow

Last Friday we had our first snow. We had our first glimpse of what winter would mean to the poor. Children were running around shivering, without mittens and scarcely enough clothes to cover them. Women were to be seen around begging boxes and barrels of the stores for fuel. I saw a boy taking home a bucket full of hard coal the other day. So poor are the people that in many cases coal is bought by the pailful and vegetables almost always by the quart. I asked an Italian several weeks ago how much a bushel of apples would be and he couldn't tell me. One grocer I dealt with didn't know how many quarts in a peck. Said he never sold any potatoes by the peck always by the quart. The poor seem to live from hand to mouth. Some of them keep up life insurance and then spend all else they make. They spend while they have and then starve. In many of their souls hope for a better future in this world has died. They have neglected to economize when they could and now when misfortune, sickness or hard times come they must suffer, or depend on charity. I verily believe that lack of economy, foresight causes more people to suffer than anything else, unless it be drink.

As I said last week the wrecks of humanity are cast ashore here.

From the country round about the people